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periment to make the sculptor hurry with the monument of his uncle. He had him menaced, in that day of summary justice, with a poignard, if he did not yield to his desires. The proud artist made no reply, and left the Duke of Urbino to his impotent rage.

Clement VII., having ascended the throne, called Michael Angelo to him.

"My dear Buonarotti," said the pope, whispering familiarly in his ear, "instead of defending yourself, attack the heirs of Julius II. It is time that you received money on account; but at the rate at which your statues are paid now-a-days, the money that you have received does not cover the labour you have had. Bring them before the tribunals; from debtor you will become creditor."

"I would rather finish the monument," said the artist, drily; and he returned immediately to Florence.

But the monument was one of those things which was not to be finished. There was always some reason or other for delaying it or putting it off.

Clement VII. kept the artist fully employed. He visited him every day. One morning a servant told him that Clement VII. would visit him no more—he was dead.

The first thing the new pope, Paul III., did, was to present himself at the *atelier* of Buonarotti.

"Come! come!" said the pope, "now, master Michael Angelo, your time belongs to me."

"Your holiness will excuse me," said the artist. "I have just signed an undertaking to finish the tomb of Julius II."

And yet it never was finished.

THE PRÆ-RAPHAELITES.

WHEN Pope Adrian I. delivered, in his infallibility, a bull, which declared that all painters should represent our Saviour as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of exhibiting, he founded the Præ-Raphaelites. The reader may perhaps see no connexion with the eighth century and the nineteenth; but if he only consider that since then painters have had but one type for the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles, and have degenerated into continual smoothness and into unmeaning faces such as West or Cosway produced, he will see at once what we mean. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that, since the Saviour "should not be desired of men," he was repulsive, and they continually represented him so; but a dispute happening as to the truth of this, the earlier fathers, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and others, joined in the controversy, and Pope Adrian settled it with his bull.

Art is by its nature imitative. The earliest head of the Saviour which exists has the same attributes—the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair and calm eyes—as the most recent, and to a certain extent Adrian's bull had a vast effect. Great geniuses did not alter the type, but threw their weight into the improvement of manner. Till about the time of West, which we take it was not the most artistic period of modern art, painters had gone on,

"Improving and improving oft,
Till all was ripe and rotten."

Character, force, and originality were forgotten, everything was intended to be pretty and pleasing, and the grand was deserted for the profitable. The mind of the income-seeking artist became imbued with the spirit of the times. Richard Wilson, with his wondrous genius in landscape, could not make a living. Fuselli, who, with all his eccentricities, was of immense talent, declared with a wretched pun that his name should have been "Few-sell-I." Von Holst was neglected, and R. B. Haydon destroyed himself in despair. With the exception of the first, none of these artists were perfect, but they were great men who should have found appreciation where they met with neglect. They certainly should not have been driven to despair whilst Cosway, Opie, and West flourished. Their deaths, however, produced some result; yet with little improvement and much

mannerism, things went on in the same course. Here and there great painters appeared, but, in general, mannerism and platitudes were triumphant.

Some half-dozen years ago, a few young men, impressed with this, determined to alter it, and, like all enthusiasts, at the first overshot the mark. To prove their perfect distinctness from modern art, they called themselves Præ-Raphaelites, which, if we understand the term rightly, was about tantamount to a dramatist of the time of Colman and Reynolds calling himself, out of contempt to those playwrights, a Præ-Shaksperian.

Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, who were the *Coryphæ* of this school, seeing that all other painters took pretty models, employed plain if not downright ugly ones; finding that the ordinary painter neglected detail and finish, studied every point, speck, or nail in the accessories of their picture; observing that modern artists excel in air and distance in the atmosphere of the picture, they painted sharply and coldly, so that every fold of the dress and feature of the face came out as distinctly as if one was examining it with a diminishing glass. It is plain that amongst these resolves there were many of the faults of enthusiasm. When they exhibited their pictures, amongst many merits, one saw that they had as much to unlearn as to learn, and their eccentricities were so plainly the effect of determination, that they excited an antagonism which resulted in ridicule and odium.

To support their ideas, they employed the pen as well as the pencil. They published a work bearing the name of "The Germ," which was upon the whole the most verdant production we recollect. It bore all the impress of youth, florid of fluent poetry, crude prose, and undigested ideas; illustrated with an etching which might have been copied from a missal. It was unlike anything modern. It was an attempt to reach the golden age by walking backwards; it was, a thousand-fold more than their pictures, an effort against nature, and it died.

With such determination and such vigour of thought, the young painters who formed the school were not likely to die too. He who thinks originally must think *against* a large portion of mankind, but he will soon have disciples of his own. So it was with the Præ-Raphaelites. There was so much truth with them that they soon gathered respect; yet their earliest endeavour had grave faults.

Let us take, for instance, a picture by Mr. Millais, which was exhibited some four seasons ago. We allude to the "Holy Family," a painting in which the young Saviour was pictured as an ill-looking red-headed boy; the Virgin as a woman stricken in years (which was untrue at the period) and excessively commonplace; and St. Joseph as a carpenter of low and mean appearance, the muscles of his arm raised and strained from overwork. In addition to this, the feet of the Saviour were unwashed, and the dirt of them carefully copied. Here Mr. Millais was ignorant, the Jews being particularly careful in their daily ablutions. To redeem all this practical degradation, the detail of the picture was wonderful; time and knowledge had been expended upon every accessory. The shavings and tools looked more like reflections of the things than copies.

But in our opinion the grossness of the representation was a sin, and served to degrade Divinity rather than to elevate it. No one supposes the Saviour to have been crowned and robed as the later Italians make him, or as gorgeously arrayed as the cheap lithographs sold in Roman Catholic countries represent him. But Mr. Millais, though in another way, sinned equally against the truth. If we paint "Holy Families" at all, to which we strongly object, there is no reason why we should make them repulsive. The obvious purpose of such pictures is to exalt the ideas of those who have little imagination. Their earlier use, and that to which a religious society now turns prints of sacred subjects, was and is to instruct those who could not read. With the majority in England, that use has ceased; but we have yet to learn why they should not still elevate the beholders, as certainly the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo do. The faults of this picture extended also to others. Mr. Collins, in one

called "Convent Thoughts" (we believe that the young artist embraced as well as illustrated Catholicism), chose a very plain model, an awkward and stiff position, somewhat after the Byzantine school, and a most unnatural method of holding a flower, at which the young lady is pensively looking. He also showed the same wonderful exactness in rendering the very petals of the flower or grain of the oak door, and thereby secured its defence by that *rara avis* amongst the critics on art, an original thinker—one no less than Mr. Ruskin.

deservedly so. He has no longer sought out repulsive models, but observing that golden mean which always leads to truth, has also disdained the doll-like face of the vacant model, and produced such feelings, such tenderness and animation, that one unconsciously recalls the phrase of Byron,

"The mind, the music breathing from her face ;" and whilst doing so acknowledges that the canvas glows with an emanation from true genius. Any one who has seen the pictures of this artist—"The Huguenot" and "The Order of Release"—must have observed that the expression in the



"BERTRAND AND RATÓN."—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

The great critic, who, to show how extremes meet, was also an enthusiast on Turner's landscapes, did much for the Præ-Raphaelites, but their genius did more. Though still young men, practice and success has been gradually removing many foibles, and the chief amongst them bid fair to be honoured with posterity. Their very eccentricities have been useful, and have read serious lessons to rising and risen artists. Carelessness is now no longer pardonable, and simpering and stupid prettiness is only reproduced upon the canvas of the mediocre and unteachable. The latter pictures of these artists—of Mr. Millais especially—have attracted the notice of every one, and

faces of the female figure of each tells the whole story as plainly as a book. The deep feeling which imbued the painter was communicated by a glance to the spectator.

With such triumphs as these, with original views and a determination to think for themselves, the Præ-Raphaelites have founded a new school of worth and great merit, and by it have produced works which the world "will not willingly let die ;" and we therefore hope that, whilst every year chastens their efforts and detracts from their eccentricities, we may be enabled to forge the latter in the excellencies they possess.